ULTIMA VERITAS

ULTIMA VERITAS
AND OTHER VERSES

BY
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PREFATORY NOTE

IT *would be disingenuous to hold my friends responsible for the appearance of these verses; the fault is mine. Several of them are waifs, floating about the newspaper world and appearing to me now and then in unkempt and bedraggled form; I have wished that those who care for them might have correct copies of them.*

How old-fashioned these verses are; how completely they fail to answer the high demands of modern poetic art, no one knows better than I; it is only to a few old-fashioned folk that they are likely to make appeal.

The verses of the period of the Civil War will recall to some readers experiences from which we have traveled far. Each of these reflects the emotion of the day that gave it birth. I am glad that I find in my heart today none of the resentments that resound in these martial lines, but I am not ashamed of the passion and the purpose that called them forth.

The youthful fervors and the rhetorical enthusiasms of the college verses will be incredible to most men under fifty; college boys in these days are not encouraged to let themselves go after this fashion. I have saved these because to a very few persons some of them have some reminiscent value. A lessening group of old men will remember the early dawn of that June morning when fifty of us stood in a circle with joined hands in front of the old chapel and sang our parting song. For us the words of the last two stanzas were simply metaphorical. There was no literal "clash of sabers" nor "roll of signal drums," and no "flashing sword" to grasp as we "loosed the parting hand"; but within two years from that time, to several of the men who sang them, these pregnant words were something more than rhetoric.

There is an incident connected with the initial poem of this volume which I will venture to tell. A good many years ago, when I was serving on the Preachers' Staff of Harvard University, a young man came into my room at Wadsworth House one morning and told me this story:

"A year ago I was a senior here and was

secretary of the College Young Men's Christian Association. When I graduated, the International Committee of that organization sent me to Ceylon to take charge of work in that field. It was a long journey, and I had much time to think. I began to examine the foundations of my faith and soon found, to my dismay, that they were very insecure; I was not sure of anything. But I thought that when I reached my destination and went to work my troubles would disappear, and so it was. But before long the committee picked me up again and sent me to Bombay. I had another long voyage and another battle with my doubts, and this time the overthrow was complete. I knew that I had no faith, and that I had no right to preach to others a doctrine which I did not believe. I went ashore and told the authorities the truth about it, and took the first ship for New York.

"That first night out was a gloomy night. The faith of my childhood was gone. I was sure of nothing. I sat upon the deck awhile; then I thought of a little book of daily devotional readings in my stateroom and had a sudden curiosity to know what the message for that day might be. I went down and opened the

book, and this was part of the word for me, — these two verses with your name signed to them; I know them by heart:

> *"In the bitter waves of woe*
> *Beaten and tossed about*
> *By the sullen winds that blow*
> *From the desolate shores of doubt,—*
>
> *"While the anchors that faith had cast*
> *Are dragging in the gale*
> *I am quietly holding fast*
> *To the things that cannot fail."*

"That was all. I did not know you, but these words brought light and hope to me. I said, 'Here's a man who has found something to hold on to. There must be something. I shall find it.' And, do you know, I have been clinging to that hope ever since.

"When I landed in New York there were reasons why I could not go to my own home. I was at a loss to know what to do, but finally concluded to come up to Cambridge. I arrived last night, and one of the first things I learned was that you were here. And I have come to you to have you tell me what the things are that cannot fail."

It was easy to satisfy myself that there was more faith in this young man's honest doubt than in half the creeds, and after an hour or two of talk I sent him away with the assurance that he would soon find his way out of the woods. Not long afterward I had a letter from him telling me that my word had come true; that he was out of the jungle, with a clear path before his feet.

W. G.

COLUMBUS, September 10, 1912

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  Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
  From the desolate shores of doubt, —

While the anchors that faith had cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
  That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
  And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
  That the givers shall increase;

That Duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace; —

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
  Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
  Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
  I shall see Him, and I will wait.

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE

THE pastor sits in his easy chair,
  With the Bible upon his knee,
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
  Are changing momently.
The shadows lie in the valleys below,
  And hide in the curtain's fold,
And the page grows dim, whereon he reads,
  "I remember the days of old."

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
  Of stubble and snow and bloom;
And now it trips through a festival,
  And now it halts at a tomb;
Young faces smile in his reverie
  Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
  With the winds, from a far-off shore.

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
  The pastor's memories are;
No day that is gone was shadowless,
  No night was without its star;

But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
The portion of his cup;
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
"In love hath bound us up."

He thinks of the day when first with fear
And faltering lips he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
To the waiting multitude;
He walks again to the house of God
With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have pressed
Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
And joins in the homely chat,
He stands in the shop of the artisan,
He sits, where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire, and the rich man's feast;
But who today are the poor,
And who are the rich? Ask Him who keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
With the merry children's din,

He hears their shout at the Christmas tide
  When Santa Claus stalks in;
Once more he lists while the camp-fire roars
  On the distant mountain side,
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook
  Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
  To the altar slowly move,
And the solemn words are said that seal
  The sacrament of lo
Again at the font he m s once more
  The tremulous youthfu. pair,
With a white-robed cherub, crowing response
  To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again,
  Again the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
  Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burden of hearts that break
  Lies heavy upon his own,
The widow's woe, and the orphan's cry,
  And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad
  Are the days that are no more;

So mournfully sweet are the sounds that
float
With the winds from a far-off shore.
For the pastor has learned what meaneth
the word
That is given him to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice
And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod
This lowly and toilsome way;
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard, all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own, and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.

SPRING SONG

O HOPE of the world that risest again
  New-born from the clod,
O life that brightens on meadow and fen
  With the breath of God,
O daffodils brave whose banners fly
  At the snow's retreat,
O sweet warm winds of the South that sigh
  O'er the springing wheat,
O birds that tell in the branches bare
  Of the leaf-clad sprays, —
Read me your lesson; teach me your prayer,
  Fill my soul with your praise.

AWAKENING

DOWN to the borders of the silent land
He goes with halting feet;
He dares not trust, he cannot understand
The blessedness complete
That waits for God's beloved at his right hand.

He dreads to see God's face; for though the pure
Beholding Him are blest,
Yet in His sight no evil can endure;
And still with fear oppressed
He looks within and cries, "Who can be sure?"

The world beyond is strange; the golden streets,
The palaces so fair,
The seraphs singing in the shining seats,
The glory everywhere,
And to his soul he solemnly repeats

The visions of the Book. "Alas!" he cries,
"That world is all too grand;

Among those splendors and those majesties
  I would not dare to stand;
For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice!"

Yet, faithful in his lot this saint has stood
  Through service and through pain;
The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good;
  Sure, dying must be gain
To one who living hath done what he could.

The light is fading in the tired eyes,
  The weary race is run;
Not as the victor that doth seize the price,
  But as the fainting one
He nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now he sees
  The happy, happy shore;
O fearful, faint, distrustful soul, are these
  The things thou fearedst before,
The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?

This land is home; no stranger art thou here;
  Sweet and familiar words
From voices silent long salute thine ear;
  And winds and songs of birds
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes
    are near.

The seraphs — they are men of kindly mien;
The gems and robes — but signs
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;
The glory — such as shines
Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.

And He, O doubting child! the Lord of Grace
Whom thou didst fear to see —
He knows thy sin — but look upon His face!
Doth it not shine on thee
With a great light of love that fills the place?

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!
Heaven is a goodly land,
And God is love, and those he loves are blest;
Now thou dost understand;
The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair;
Before thy feet the blessed journey lies
Through homelands everywhere;
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

A MOTHER'S LAMENTATION

GONE is the snow and the dull earth awaketh,
Red is the maple and green is the willow,
Blackbirds are chattering free;
Bright on the sunny bank new greenness breaketh,
Summer-tide surges in, billow on billow,
What is it bringing to me?

Life of my life, in the cold ground they laid her,
Bare were the meadows and brown were the beeches,
Twittered the lone chickadee;
There many a weary day winter hath staid her,
Summer, sweet summer! my sorrow beseeches,
Bring back my darling to me!

Nay, mock me not with your buds and your greenery!

Spread me no flowery carpets to walk
upon!
Make me no music, I pray!
Desolate soul doth make desolate scenery;
Only one theme deigneth sorrow to talk
upon;
Take your brave splendors away!

"Will not be comforted!" Nay Master,
hear me!
Mothers in Bethlehem wept by the manger
Whence, in the night, thou hadst fled;
Come back to me, I pray, comfort me, cheer
me;
Lest to my heavy heart hope be a stranger,
Faith find her grave with my dead.

AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

LOOK up, little baby, that way is heaven;
The moon's white face
Shines out from the cloud like a soul just shriven,
With tenderest grace;
The blessed stars are looking with pity
Right down on you;
If men and women in this great city
Were merciful, too!

Long in the hiding-place I waited
That death might come;
With the bitter draughts of sorrow sated,
My soul sat dumb;
But a baby's hand unloosed the cerements
That held love fast,
And the old dull pain in the new endearments
Was stilled at last.

But now, they tell us, the joy is over;
For your sake, dear --

That the world may never the shame discover —
  I leave you here;
Where the candle burns behind the curtain
  The white crib waits;
And care and comfort for you are certain
  Within these gates.

O soft little hand, whose smooth caresses
  Still search my face,
O far-looking eyes, whose mute addresses
  Have won Heaven's grace,
O sweet red lips, that have drawn the sorrow
  From out my heart,
You are mine tonight, but tomorrow — tomorrow!
  Nay, do not start!

These feet, when they totter, some hand shall steady,
  Not mine — not mine!
Round somebody's neck these arms so ruddy
  Shall cling and twine;
In the solemn twilight I see you kneeling
  At some low knee;
O baby, I need you, for my soul's healing,
  To pray for me.

Look up, little baby! this is your mother!
  Once more — once more!
I must not tarry, the feet of another
  Are at the door;
O pitiful Christ, my poor heart breaketh
  To drink this cup!
Yet this, my child, whom the mother forsaketh,
  Wilt Thou take up?

Stay! Let me look through the parted curtain.
  My child is there;
All round the room, amazed, uncertain,
  Her blue eyes stare.
'Tis a motherly face that beams above her,
  As all may see;
God love you, woman, because you love her —
  What! crying for me?

Quick! open the door! give me back my baby!
  Hush, dear! don't cry!
You are kind, dear people, and good, it may be,
  No saint am I;

But God gave me, and not another,
This child from heaven;
He will require of me, the mother,
What He hath given!

Come, innocent one! our cross we'll carry,
Our shame despise,
For He who faints not, neither is weary,
Will hear our cries;
We'll take His staff and lift our burden
With strength divine;
For a mother's love shall be your guerdon,
My child's love mine.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY

THERE is the window over the way
That was lit with a baby's face by day;
  But the shutters are closed, and by the
    door
The doctor's gig for an hour has stood,
  And they tell us — the little gossips four
Who bring us the news of the neighborhood,
  That the doctor is coming every day
  To see the baby over the way.

The terrible scarlet scourge has come;
And brother and sister are sent from home;
  Each day they come to the gate to hear
From the mother's lips how the baby is,
  And the face is blanching with trouble and
    fear,
That drops from the window the mournful
    kiss,
  For in spite of the skill of doctor and nurse
  The baby over the way grows worse.

When midnight hushes the city's noise,
We hear the sound of a feeble voice,
  And know that the room where the light
    burns low
Holds hearts that watch for the morning
    light;
  What the day shall bring if they could but
    know,
They would cling to the lingering hours of
    night;
  For hearts will break with the breaking
    day,
  When the long watch closes over the way.

The baby over the way is dead,
And the mourners will not be comforted;
  O desolate ones, no stranger's voice
May break your silence, for words are cheap;
  Your griefs we tell by our tenderest joys;
Our four little gossips are warm asleep;
  Would it lighten your burden if you
    knew
  That here, in the dark, we are crying with
    you?

THE MURDERER OF THE PERIOD

YES. I shot him. What of it? You make a great row
About a small matter, I think.
The eye flashing fire and the cloud on the brow
Tell of vengeance; but why should I shrink?
You public that rages; you journals that rave
When a dog's day ends quickly, like this,
Pray save your sharp words for some business more grave;
Don't waste your hot breath in a hiss.

I was mad when I shot him — a minute or two;
Will was lost, judgment blind, reason blank;
Will you punish the deed that a madman must do?
Blame the mill when the fates turn the crank?

True, I knew it was coming — this madness; I thought
If I met him, he surely would die;
So lest hell miss its prey, the good pistol was bought;
'Twas the frenzy that bought it, not I.

But what, after all, is the pother about?
A man (or a dog, say) is dead.
Is a dog or a man worth this tumult and rout?
How much are they worth — by the head?
In the struggle for life, so the sages will say,
One man has gone down — that is all;
But 'tis always the strongest survive the affray;
The weakest get pushed to the wall.

Here was live protoplasm, six quarters or so;
Now 'tis dead protoplasm, what more?
No force has been lost, as the chemists will show,
The world is as rich as before.
All the atoms are here, all the builders are here,
And better work waits them, no doubt;
You zealots, who clamor for vengeance severe,
Do you know what you're talking about?

Pray, what have I done? There are forces that play
And tissues that waste in the brain;
Some acetous ferment waked the passion to slay;
'Twas the same, very likely, with Cain.
Will you fly in the face of a kingdom of laws?
Do you call a secretion a sin?
Is the steel when it rusts, or the snow when it thaws,
A criminal, too, of my kin?

Do bethink you, good people; hear reason at last;
The vengeance you ask for is vain;
You are haunted by ghosts of a day that is past —
Mere films of a fatuous brain.
Guilt, crime, obligation — such words are outworn;
On the ear of true science they jar;
And you surely can't know, in your anger and scorn,
How unscientific you are.

CAWS AND EFFECT

NINE metaphysicians, perched aloft
On the top of a dry pine tree,
Have talked all day in a marvelous way
Of divine philosophy.

No wild, Coleridgean ramblers they
All over the realm of laws,
They stick to their text, however perplext,
The doctrine (and practise) of caws.

The biggest crow, on the nearest limb,
Gave first, with never a pause,
A clear, profound, deliberate, sound
Discourse of proximate caws.

A theologue in a cassock clad,
With a choker under his jaws,
And a cold in his head, either sung or said
A treatise of second caws.

A fish-hawk lit on the topmost limb,
With a pickerel in his claws,

When small and great began to debate
  Concerning efficient caws.

And when, at the close, the congress rose,
  I saw two old crows pause,
And what they said, as they flew o'erhead,
  Had the sound of final caws.

No longer in me, O Philosophy,
  Thy devotee expect;
In spite of thy laws here's a chain of caws,
  And not one single effect.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

A VOICE spake out of the skies
To a just man and a wise —
"The world and all within it
Will only last a minute!"
Then a beggar began to cry,
"Food, food or I die!"
Is it worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute?

Alfred Tennyson

IF the world and all within it
Could only last a minute,
A Voice from beyond the sky
To the good wise man would cry:
"Let this last minute shine
With the light of a grace divine!
Let the hungry see thee stand
With a loaf in the helping hand!
So the world and its works shall end
With the benison of a friend."

MARK HOPKINS

READ BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE,
JUNE, 1887

TO the Tishbite, stony-eyed
  With a sorrow no speech might break,
'Twas the callow prophets cried:
  "Knowest thou that the Lord will take
Our master from us today, —
  That today his voice shall cease?"
"Yea," saith the prophet; "yea,
  I know it: hold ye your peace!"

No sons of the prophets we;
  To us no vision came
Of the whirlwind's majesty,
  And the chariot of flame;
Yet forth from us one was caught
  To the seats of the seraphim, —
Our master; lo, he was not,
  For God had taken him.

List! the morning stars are hushed
  As the mighty soul takes wing,

And the tremulous skies are flushed
  Where the portals open swing;
From the earth, no voice nor cry,
  From the heaven but the dropping dew,
And for men who are drawing nigh
  Unto heaven, there is silence, too.

No murmuring note we raise,
  No dubious word we dare;
For the prophet, the heart's deep praise;
  For his mantle, a voiceless prayer, —
Translated, as it was meet,
  Ere his spirit's eye grew dim;
From the paths that knew his feet
  It was only a step for him.

O kingly soul! dost thou
  From the blue above us bend
With a benediction now?
  To us who loved thee, send
Thy peace, in our hearts to stay,
  Thy courage, our souls to cheer?
We wait for thy voice today,
  For, verily, thou art here.

We see thee, standing there,
  The tall form gravely bent,

The thin and silvery hair
  O'er the lordly dome besprent,
The keen uplifted glance,
  The long arm's curving sweep,
The serious countenance
  Where the merry twinkles sleep;

We hear thee speaking now,
  Each weighty word well weighed,
Simple, and clear and slow,
  No rattling fanfaronade
Of words, but a master's thought,
  Untainted by sneers or gibes,
Like His who the people taught
  With authority, not as the scribes.

And now come memories fleet
  Of the dear delightful days
When we sat at this master's feet,
  And spake with him face to face;
The plain old room once more,
  With its serried benches bare,
And the Teacher, sitting before,
  In his quaint old swinging chair.

Now a question strikes a spark,
  And the theme begins to shine,

Till the truth that once was dark
  Is touched with a gleam divine;
There find we guidance meet
  In a way we had not known,
From the pebbles under our feet
  To the sapphire under the Throne.

And ever the quickening word
  That finds us, and leaves us, men;
"Stand up!" the summons is heard;
  "What answerest thou again?
Thus Plato reasoned of old;
  Thus Spencer reasoneth now;
Thus Kant hath the story told;
  Thou hearest, what sayest thou?

"For thyself be wise, walk thou
  In the light that lighteth thee,
For the truth that thou dost know,
  Is the truth that maketh free;
And lo! he is ever nigh
  Who is Lord and Giver of light;
To him lift up thine eye,
  And he shall guide thee aright."

And ever, amid the noise
  Of the world's tumultuous throng,

We have heard that august voice,
  "Up! quit you like men; be strong!"
We shall hear, as we have heard,
  Till the last long silence fall;
For the master's quickening word,
  It abideth with us all.

ALMA MATER

I

DRAWN from hill and plain and prairie,
    from the lands of corn and pine,
We are gathered, Alma Mater, for our love
    of thee and thine;
Silver hairs and beardless faces, men of
    words and men of deeds,
Followers of many callings, worshipers of
    many creeds,
Well content in mind to differ, only so that
    we may be
Loyal to our Alma Mater, one in love to
    thine and thee.

II

Bond is this that brings no burden, loyalty
    that never shames,
Pure the heart on whose high altar such a
    blameless passion flames;

Not for gold and not for glory cherish we
our love for thee,
From all soilure of the senses is the heart's
devotion free;
For the gift for which our praises and our
thanks to thee unite,
Is the bounty of the spirit, is the boon of
Life and Light.

III

Alma Mater, we invoke thee! let thy sons
behold thy face!
Wilt thou not, for our imploring, deign our
festival to grace?
In our speech we often name thee; in our
songs we tell thy worth;
Show us something of thy presence; let us
see thee on the earth!
Nothing ghostly can we deem thee; kindred
of our souls art thou;
Speak, that we may well discern thee, and
hold converse with thee now!

IV

Stately mountains, strong and silent, warders
of the valley sweet,

Capped with clouds and clad with forests,
meadows nestling at your feet,
Writing out your mighty legend in the bold
horizon lines,
Roaring out your savage saga, when the
wind raves through the pines,
Green with all the tints of spring-time when
the May's sweet voices call,
Flaming, like the fires of sunset, when the
frosts of autumn fall, —

V

Valley of the winding river, guarded by the
mountains strong,
Where the little hills, rejoicing, join the pas-
tures in their song, —
Halls and towers and groves and temples
rising now in vision clear,
Beautiful for situation, fair to sight, to mem-
ory dear, —
Ye are *not* our Alma Mater; ye are but the
sacred shrine
Of a spirit free, transcendent; of a Life
unseen, divine.

VI

Stately halls and towers will crumble; brick and stone will turn to dust;
All the treasures men can gather prove a prey to moth and rust;
But the life of Alma Mater waneth not with passing years;
On her brow, "Time writes no wrinkle," in her steady eye appears
Not a trace of age or dimness, in her locks no streak of gray,
For her life is life immortal and she knoweth not decay.

VII

Nay, thou art no ghost, our Mother, yet no shape of sense art thou;
Truth thou art, and Trust and Honor; Wisdom sits upon thy brow;
Honest Thought and High Endeavor are thy left hand and thy right;
Faith thy vital breath and being, Hope thy vision, Love thy light:
Eyes can see not, ears can hear not all that thou art called to be,

For the Spirit in its freedom lives and loves
and rules in thee.

VIII

So we welcome thee, enthrone thee, Alma
Mater, at our feast;
Reverently thy sons salute thee; art thou
not our welcome guest?
Here we stand with heads uncovered, and,
with minds attentive, wait
For thy gracious benediction, for thy smile
benign, sedate;
Hast thou not some word of wisdom, truth
to hearten, hope to cheer?
There is silence, Alma Mater; speak, and we,
thy sons, will hear.

IX

Something stiller than the silence, something
softer than a sound
Falls upon the inward ear as falls the dew
upon the ground:
"For your words of love, my children, for
the bounty of your praise,
Take my blessing; let it brighten all the
remnant of your days!

With my sons I share my honor; all I have
to you I give;
In your weal I find my welfare, in your happiness I live.

X

"In the peace of that fair valley where the
heavens are near and kind,
And the blessed balms of silence soothe
the heart and calm the mind,
Where no reek nor roar of cities soils the
thought nor storms the sense,
And the stars are mine for counsel and the
mountains for defense,
There I guard the sacred fire, and there I
list the living word
Only to the prudent spoken, only by the
humble heard.

XI

"There your loyal love has built for me a
many-mansioned seat,
By your bounty you have made it for my
use and service meet;
For your liberal care I praise you; only let
us ponder well

That the life is more than form and that the
pearl is not the shell;
Shapely souls our art must fashion; ample
lives our toil must build;
Care we first that hall and cloister shall
with manly men be filled.

XII

"Ye are seeking how to serve me; ye have
thought how ye may best
Fill my days with peace and plenty, make
my life more fully blest;
Hear me then, while I adjure you by the
love ye bear to me,
That ye lift on high forever Kingly Truth
that maketh free;
That ye keep your faith in honest worth and
honor without stain;
That ye hate the bribes of Mammon and the
heresy of Cain.

XIII

"Words I hear — yet hear not often in the
valley where I dwell —
Noisome words, whose exhalations overcome
me like a spell, —

Filling all the walks of wisdom with the
maxims of the mart,
Showing how the roots of honor from the
mold of lucre start, —
That the 'greatest need' of Learning—nay
I will not name the name,
For the greatest need of Learning is to blush
for this her shame.

XIV

"'Learning's need?' not millions; nay, but
men of light and power and truth,
Men whose steady flame shall kindle glow
of love in generous youth;
Men whose life is not for lucre; men to whom
the scholar's call
Is for duty, not for fodder, like the cattle in
the stall.
Can ye buy them in the market? Nay,
more dear their life they hold;
Who have given their lives for love can never
sell their souls for gold.

XV

"Give me MEN to stand before me as the
years my life renew;

Men, heroic, consecrated, to the scholar's
function true;
With the soul of mighty Alcuin, with old
Beda's courage high,
Wiclif's vision of the future, Colet's glorious
constancy;
Give me these and Learning need not with
the powers of greed confer;
All things that her life requireth shall be
added unto her.

XVI

"Yea, and ye, my loyal children, ye my
witnesses shall stand
With the word of valiant counsel, with the
truth in your right hand;
Ye shall bear with me the burden of the
spirit's royal strife,
Ye shall share with me the guerdon of the
joy that crowneth life;
So I hail you, and I bless you! may the years
your hopes increase,
And the lengthening days grow brighter,
and the end thereof be peace!"

HAIL AND FAREWELL

J. G. H., 1819–1881

MOUNTAIN, that watchest down the vale
Most like a couchant lion,
Wide, winding river, whose fair breast
Soft south winds gently die on,
Lift up the head; flow still and slow,
Let no chill blast now chide you,
For one who loved you long ago
Lies down to sleep beside you.

You nursed within his boyish heart
The springing love of beauty,
You taught him, by your steadfast ways,
The deeper lore of duty;
Your shade and shine about him lay
In life's abundant labor,
And now the mound that holds his dust
Shall be your lowly neighbor.

A good, brave man, a blameless man,
He lived and wrought among us;
The truth he taught, the tales he told,
The heart-songs that he sung us,
All shine with white sincerity,
All thrill with strong conviction;
His words were seeds of honest deeds,
His life a benediction.

The art he loved was not the art
That finds its end in pleasing;
He loved to help and serve and bless
With toil and care unceasing;
No gift, he said, its fruit hath borne
Until with love 'tis mated;
No art is high, no art is pure,
That is not consecrated.

And thus, with kindly souls who pass
Through Baca's vale of weeping,
Beside whose way the fountains play,
Joy-bringing, verdure-keeping,
From strength to strength this pilgrim went,
With grace that ne'er forsook him,
Till suddenly, at break of day,
He was not, for God took him.

We tell our loss, we bear our pain,
  Still thankful hearts upraising,
For life so large and fruit so fair
  Our God the giver praising.
The heart must bleed, the tears must fall,
  But smiles through tear-drops glitter;
We drink the cup, and grateful find
    The sweet within the bitter.

O mountain, guard his precious dust;
  O river, seaward flowing,
By night your softest dews bestow
  To keep the grasses growing
That ever, with the bitter-sweet,
  His sacred grave shall cover —
Servant of man and friend of God,
  Brave thinker, steadfast lover.

UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS

1898

UNCLE SAM is sitting there, in his high-backed easy chair,
In an old colonial hall, bright with banners on the wall,
And with pictures dimly seen all the starry folds between, —
Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, Trenton, Yorktown, Saratoga,
Gettysburg's decisive day, smoke of Santiago Bay.
Through the windows far and fair, in the crisp December air,
Stretch the meadows, slopes and vales, inland seas with snowy sails,
Mighty rivers winding slow, mountains with their crowns of snow,
Farms and hamlets, roaring marts, happy homes and loyal hearts.
East and west his glances stray, in a satisfied survey,

And he harvests with his eye all the wealth of earth and sky,
And his look returns content from the teeming continent.
Then upon his feet he stands, and he stretches forth his hands,
And I hear him breathe a prayer for the children of his care,
And as to and fro he walks, to himself he softly talks:

"Wall, the boys and gals, I take it,
Is a doin' fairly well;
After all the fuss an' racket
Chris'mas brings a breathin' spell.
Pretty likely lot o' youngsters!
Mebby 'taint fer me to say,
But whenever this old tongue stirs
It *will* talk in jest that way.

"Pooty noom'rous, that's a fact, sirs;
Swarmin', like, within our doors;
Cities gittin' closely packed, sirs;
Pourin' in on all our shores.
Like a cloud the people gather,
From all lands beneath the sky:

Doves o' many a flock an' feather,
  To our winders see 'em fly!

"Wall there's room enough, I reckon,
  Fer a few more millions yit;
'Shet the gates 'n' put the brek on?'
  Don't like that a little bit!
Man is man an' woman's woman,
  'Taint no diff'runce where they's bred;
'Nuthin's furrin to me that's human';
  Wasn't that what some old chap said?

"Yas, I know they's some 'ats fractious,
  Sorter itchin' to have a spat;
Some 'ats now and then distractious,
  Some 'at don't know where they's at;
But jest hold 'em ca'm an' stiddy,
  Soon they git to understand
'Taint no use in gittin' giddy,
  An' they larn to love the land.

"So I take the hull blamed bilin',
  Teuton, Celt, an' Czech, an' Pole,
Slick Eyetalian, Dutchman smilin',
  Scandinavian, bland Mongole,
Chuck 'em into the skule-house hopper,
  Grind 'em over, once 'n' agen,

Out they'll drop at last, the proper
 Yankee brand of American men.

"So I like tu think 'em all over,
 Every kindred an' tongue an' line,
Ploughman, tradesman, ocean rover,
 Man at the masthead, man in the mine,
Man at the bench, at the desk, at the lever,
 Schoolmarm, kitchen-gal, shop-maid, scribe,
Mother o' men an' sweet peace-weaver,
 All my children of every tribe, —

"Up on the banks o' the Androscoggin,
 Daown where the alligators sleep,
Out in the Michigin woods a-loggin',
 'Long o' the Canyuns wild an' deep,
Pilin' the sugar cane, pullin' the cotton,
 Boxin' the or'nges, huskin' the corn, —
No, they ain't none on 'em skipped 'r f'r-
 gotten;
 Good luck foller 'em, evenin' an' morn!

"Naow, in the nippin' winter weather,
 Jest as the sun to the up-grade shifts,
I kin see 'em, gittin' together
 Chris'mas greens 'n' Chris'mas gifts;
All the land is alive with givers;

Gittin', for naow, has gone to the rear;
Peace 'n' good will — they flow like rivers;
Happiest time of all the year!

"Wall, my children, I'm a wonderin'
What my Chris'mas gifts shall be:
Your old Uncle goes a-blunderin'
Raound to the winders, to look an' see
What he can git 'ats worth the givin';
What'll tickle you thru 'n' thru;
Somethin' to make your life wuth livin',
Somethin' 'ats hullsome 'n' fresh, 'n' new.

"Best things, mebby, aint in the winders;
I suspicion 'at that's a fact;
Goods wuth most tu gitters 'n' senders
Can't be crated, 'n' boxed 'n' packed:
Mine'll *haf* to go by the sky-line,
Same way Tesla sends his news;
'Lovers' Lightnin' Dispatch,' — that's *my* line,
Skips through the air 'n' drops like the dews.

"So here goes to the hull o' the people;
All o' the good 'at life kin hold;
Peace in the heart? yes, that's the staple;

Love in the home — that's better 'n gold.
'Taint fer me to be wishin' 'em riches;
That's comin' fast enough naow, I guess;
Better be knittin' up raveled stitches
Of quiet content 'n' happiness.

"'Taint 'at they need much more, I take it;
'Tis 'at it might be better shared;
Bread enough naow, if they's love to break it;
Greed's the stuff 'at kin well be spared;
Them 'at's climbin' the billion ladder
Work, I think, at the devil's chores;
That old sarpint is naow the adder,
Tryin' to add up all out-doors.

"Yas, they's some stands all day waitin',
Cause no man aint offered 'em work;
That's the horror 'at wants abatin',
Bondage wuss'n the nameless Turk —
Shame 'at the man 'at wants to labor,
Ever gits fed on a pauper's crust;
Love 'at worketh no ill tu his neighbor
Kin du better 'n that I trust.

"No, I know 'at there aint so many
Idle naow as a year ago;
But, you mind me! long as there's any,

Suthin' is wrong with the world, I know.
Not to coddle 'n' cosset, 'n' pamper, —
That aint our American plan,
Jest a free field 'n' nuthin' to hamper;
Give him a chance of bein' a man.

"Yas, ef yer Uncle could so contrive it,
Every man should have suthin' to du;
Life, like honey, wants work to hive it;
Work's the fortin' I've left to yeou.
Work for the workless, help for the lowly,
Love 'at shelters, 'n' love 'at shares;
Peace 'at shines from the manger holy, —
Sech is yer Uncle's Chris'mas prayers.

"What'll I git this year, I wonder?
What are you goin' to du fer me?
Yas, yer Uncle's a peekin' under
The curtain 'at hides his Chris'mas tree;
Several things he'd like to see there,
Things nobody but you kin bring;
Things so precious that if they *be* there,
Your old Uncle 'll dance 'n' sing.

"'Sech as what?' Wall, a few clean cities,
Purged with the besom of pop'lar ire;
Where no longer the game of wit is

Robbin' the taown 'n' playin' with fire;
Cities where law is alive, and knows it;
Cities where plunderers das'nt stay;
Whirlwind seed an' the fiend 'at sows it,
Swep' by the people's wrath away.

"That's one thing; 'n' here's its mate, sir, —
Uncle Sam 'd be glad to git, —
Every place in nation 'n' state, sir,
Filled with men 'ats sound 'n' fit.
Heavens! for my gret tasks, don't send me
Sharpers, 'n' sponges, 'n' boors, 'n' loons, —
Wolves 'ats waitin' to turn 'n' rend me,
Sneaks 'ats watchin' to steal my spoons.

"'Taint the way you'd oughter treat me,
In these turrible times of test;
Find me the men 'at's fit to meet me;
Pick me your cleanest, strongest, best;
All the ills 'at the state is heir to, —
Here's the cure for 'em, once 'n' again:
You kin end 'em whenever you care to, —
Fill your places with faithful men.

"Wall, let's quit that! Suthin' shinin'
There in the Chris'mas greens I see!
Pines 'n' palms all clus a-twinin'

Jeweled with loyal love for me!
Under the branches I see 'em singin',
Cryin', 'n' stoppin' naow to pray;
'Union forever!' I hear it ringin', —
'One flag naow fer the blue 'n' the gray!'

"There hangs a picter of two hands stretchin'
Over the sea fer a friendly shake,
Olive branch, aint it, the hands is techin'?
Ketch holt, partners! don't never break!
Aint no folks like yer own folks, blame it!
What's the old grudges, all on 'em, worth?
Peace is our portion; own it, claim it!
Carry the good news round the earth!

"Flags in the branches tell the story
I don't need to tell over today, —
Santiago's record of glory!
Miracle play o' Manila Bay!
How the hull land riz up in splendor,
Lovin' liberty, hatin' wrong,
Swift for the poor to stand defender,
Quick for the weak to be brave and strong.

"These poor creeturs, what's to become on 'em,
Stunned 'n' scattered by what we've done?

They'll need carin' for, anyhow, some on 'em;
  Their wolf-mother was better 'n none.
Some folks say to me, 'Nothin's due 'em;
  Let's get shet on 'em; leave 'em alone!
Be a kind of a step-mother tu 'em;
  They want bread; let's give 'em a stone.'

"No, siree, sir; that aint me, sir:
  Uncle Sam aint built that way;
'Taint enough to set 'em free, sir;
  What is freedom to sech as they?
What they want is a kindly hand, sir,
  Leadin' 'em aout o' the wilderness;
What they want is a firm command, sir,
  Makin' for freedom and happiness.

"'Cost me suthin'?' Wall, I guess so;
  This ere business wasn't for gain;
'Taint wuth mindin' the folks that says so;
  'Twasnt for plunder I fit with Spain;
I set aout for to help my neighbor;
  Naow, when he needs my help the most,
Shall I stop and flunk in my friendly labor,
  Shirkin' the load 'n' countin' the cost?

"No; I can give 'em help an' healin',
  Light, an' leadin', an' liberty,

Justice, an' faith, an' honest dealin',
  Truth that maketh her children free;
So, poor brothers, I shall not leave you;
  Such as I am, with sword an' pen, —
Such as I have I freely give you:
  Stan' on your feet, an' I'll make you men."

So I left him sitting there, in his high-backed
    easy chair,
With a light upon his face from some high
    and holy place;
And I heard him breathe a prayer for the
    children of his care,
And an answer softly sped from the silence
    overhead,
While the church bells far away rang the
    chimes of Christmas day.

URBS BEATA

Read at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Columbus, Ohio. Sept. 1, 1912.

WE come at length, as shadows lengthening fall,
To the last hour of our high festival;
In "God's first temple," in the summer air
We lift our hearts to him in praise and prayer,
Praise for the good that crowns the century's close,
Prayer for the light and strength his grace bestows
On all who humbly seek him; that the days
Now lying fair before us, and the ways
Through which his love shall lead us may be bright
With his o'ershadowing presence; that the night
All round us shall be light because of Him;
That through the murk and maze of futures dim

His shepherding may keep us, and his power
Protect us in the dark and perilous hour.

We wait upon his word. Who speaks for
him?
Unseal our vision! Let the seraphim
Now stooping near us touch our eyes to see
The form that bends above us; set us free
From flesh and sense, that we may duly hear
The word she speaks unto the inward ear.
"Faith of Our Fathers"; let that be the
name
By which we know her. Evermore the same,
Benignant, beautiful, with radiant face
And smile that tells us of a happy place,
With beckoning hand, and winning upward
glance,
And sober yearnings on her countenance.—
"Faith of Our Fathers" — not their dogmas
drear,
Filling men's hearts with trouble and with
fear;
Faith is no fabric by logicians wrought,
No sublimate of metaphysic thought,
No trap of dialectic, shrewdly set
To catch incautious souls in error's net,
Nor any skeleton with bony hands

That here today across our pathway stands;
Nay, 'tis a Spirit, the soul of trust and truth,
Of loyalty and honor, grace and ruth,
Through whom we know God near, and not afar,
And that in him we live and move and are;
This is "Our Fathers' Faith," their living faith,
That kept them whole, in loss and pain and scathe.
Their creeds we could not keep; their life we need;
Their life in God, for that is life indeed.
'Tis this fair form that bends now from the sky
With beckoning hand to tell us God is nigh,
As near to us as ever to our sires,
With grace that pardons, comforts, shields, inspires.
Spirit divine, we wait thy words of cheer:
(If any man have ears, now let him hear.)
Thou art Religion, not rite, nor book nor ban —
The life of God within the soul of man;
Thou hast been with us in the ages past;
What hast thou for us in the future vast?

"Ye seek to know" — thus saith the Voice divine —
"What visions call me, and what tasks are mine
In days that are before us. Ye do well
Thus to inquire; for oft beneath the spell
Of whirling wheels and flying fires, man deems
That nothing is, outside the mindless streams
Of elemental force; that truth and right
Are apparitions that deceive the sight;
That obligation binds no human choice;
That duty waits on inclination's voice;
That reverence springs from superstition stale;
That God's great law is but an old wives' tale.
Too prone are men, in these tumultuous years,
To still their consciences and quench their fears,
To stifle all the hopes that lift them higher,
And feed with snow the flame of pure desire;
This is Religion's task, to bring again
The torch of truth to light the lives of men;
To touch their eyes, that visions may appear
Of God's great presence, shining round them here;

To lift the veil of law that hides God's face
And show that earth is still a holy place;
That every work of man beneath the sun,
By wisdom counseled and in love begun —
All work whose purpose makes for human
weal,
By hands that toil, or serve, or help, or heal—
That shape the fabric or that break the
clod —
Is done by men who needs must work with
God.
Yea, God is in his world; no prophet old
Could trace his power in shapes so manifold
As those which daily hold your wondering eyes
In loving work that round about you lies;
To find him here; his wise designs to see;
To join your wills with his in service free,
This is the task Religion finds for you
Who seek her ways to know, her will to do.
She brings the Holy City down to earth,
And bids its citizens to know their worth
As sons of God; she summons them to raise
On fair foundations walls of chrysoprase
And jasper, sapphire, beryl, chrysolite —
All stones of price, all precious in God's
sight —
On purity and truth and honor bright,

Temples and towers and courts and halls of
light
And homes of purity, and mills and marts
And shops of industry and shrines of arts —
To build all these, in days now drawing nigh
After the pattern shown us in the sky."

Such is the message that today is brought
From that which answers to our deepest
thought;
Such are the tasks that wait upon our will
In days which mercies past with promise
fill.
To build a city here of fair renown
After the pattern that the heaven sends down;
A city founded on this simple plan —
Friendship for God, and friendship, too, for
man,
God's friendship! 'Tis the sure foundation
stone
On which its life must rest: the faith alone
That makes men faithful, the firm tie that
binds
Man to his highest fealties; clouded minds
It clears, crowns trust and truth, makes
honor dear;
Kindles high courage, quells ignoble fear,

Sends cringing craft to heel, gives love the
rein,
And holds in reason's thrall the greed for
gain.
Friendship for God — it is the vital breath
That cities live by, yea the prophet saith:
"Except God build the city it shall fall;
Men toil in vain upon its crumbling wall."
A godless city — what shall be her fate?
Hear what the Lord hath spoken: "Desolate
Shall be her courts, and bitter her complaints,
For the whole head is sick, the whole heart
faints;
How is the faithful queen, by treachery
stained,
Become an harlot; and, where justice
reigned,
Red murder riots: rulers, while men sleep,
Trample on laws that they have sworn to
keep;
Thieves their companions, bribers their al-
lies,
Heedless of justice, deaf to all the cries
Of fatherless and widows."

Such the scourge
Of godless cities, such the fateful dirge

That prophets sing when cities turn from God
And recklessly defy his chastening rod.

O you whom God hath called and set apart
To build a city after his own heart,
Remember well, your peace is in his hands,
Your welfare waits on his benign commands.
His friendship seek, his word of life obey
And trust his grace to guide you all the way.
"Be friends with God," this is the golden text
That gives us queenly cities; and the next —
"Be friends with men," this crowns the city fair
And makes it beautiful beyond compare.

O you whom God hath called and set apart
To build a city after his own heart,
Be this your task — to fill the cities' veins
With the red blood of friendship; plant her plains
With seeds of peace; above her portals wreathe
Greeting and welcome; let the air we breathe
Be musical with accents of good will
That leap from lip to lip with joyous thrill;
So may the stranger find upon the streets

A kindly look in every face he meets:
So may the spirit of the city tell
All souls within her gates that all is well;
In all her homes let gentleness be found,
In every neighborhood let grace abound,
In every store and shop and forge and mill
Where men of toil their daily tasks fulfil,
Where guiding brain and workman's skill
are wise
To shape the product of our industries,
Where treasured stores the hands of toil
sustain,
Let friendship speed the work and share the
gain.
And thus, through all the city's teeming life,
Let helpfulness have room, with generous
strife
To serve; let those who sit at Beauty's feet
Rejoice to make this world of ours more meet
For men to live in; let the poet's art
Kindle new kindness in the human heart;
Let every hand find work to swell the store
Of common welfare, and let all hearts pour
Their offering of service, till the best
That each can bring is shared by all the rest;
Proving the Master's saying that we live
By what we get, but more by what we give.

And thus, O city fair, your life shall be
Benignant, bountiful, abundant, free;
For God shall dwell among us, and men shall
say
The former bitter things are passed away;
Gone are our strifes and banished all our
fears,
For here is love that wipes away all tears;
Here is the rest for which our souls have
striven;
This is the city that came down from heaven.

THE ORATORY

THE DISCIPLE

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read Thy judgments clear,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,

In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the Future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

THE BELIEVER

LORD, I believe in Thee,
In want, in pain, in grief;
I trust Thee where I cannot see,
Help Thou my unbelief!

Thy law is in my heart,
With that I follow Thee;
If sin still rule the worser part,
Be merciful to me!

I trust my brother, too;
In him, though lost, I find
Some spark Thy breath may yet renew,
For Thou to him art kind.

All that are Thine are mine,
To save men Thou didst come;
Live in my life, O Love divine,
Then I, too, may save some.

THE MOURNER

O MOURNER, making thy piteous moan, —
"What shall I do? How can I go
Down through the desolate days alone?" —
Wait! for the righteous light is sown:
Wait, and the dawn shall grow.

One by one come the desolate days;
It is only today that toucheth thee.
Look straight before thee! some guiding rays
Shine now on my path. Go on with praise
In the light that thou canst see.

THE DOUBTER

FORGIVE, O Lord, the doubts that
 break
 Thy promises to me;
Forgive me that I fail to take
 Thy pardon full and free.

"I will have mercy," Thou hast said;
 "My ways are not your ways";
Yet from Thy presence I have fled,
 I dared not trust Thy grace.

I sought to put my sins away,
 I strove to do Thy will;
And yet, whene'er I tried to pray
 My heart was doubting still.

I thought that Thou with jealous eye
 Wast watching me alway,
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy
 Whene'er I went astray.

I hoped that when, by days and years
Of service and of prayer,
I had besought Thy grace with tears,
Thy mercy I might share.

Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
This jealous, doubting heart;
For when men seek Thy love to win,
And choose the better part,

I know that, swifter than the light
Leaps earthward from the sun,
Thy pardoning love, Thy rescuing might
Speed down to every one.

A LITTLE WHILE

WHAT is this that He saith?
"It is but a little while,"
And trouble and pain and death
Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load
Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,
Where the steep and thorny road
Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?
"A little while," and the day
Of the servant that laboreth
Shall be done forever and aye.

O the truth that is yet untold!
O the songs that are yet unsung!
O the sufferings manifold,
And the sorrows that have no tongue!

O the helpless hands held out,
And the wayward feet that stray

In the desolate paths of doubt,
And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall
On the lips that burn for speech,
And the needy and poor that call
Will forever be out of reach.

"For the work that ye must do
Before the coming of death
There remaineth, O faithful few,
But a little while," He saith.

THE WAY

"HOW, O Lord, shall we follow Thee?"
I heard one sadly say;
"Whither Thou goest we cannot see;
How can we know the way?"

"I am the way," the Shepherd said;
"He that dwelleth in love
Dwelleth in me, and shall be led
Safe to the fold above."

MY SABBATH

LIKE the child weary, yet for frolic eager,
Held still at nightfall, on his mother's breast,
Me, in the silence, gracious arms beleaguer;
Sweet, in their loving fold, I find my rest.

The noises of the blatant world are quiet;
Care's hungry pack have howled themselves to flight;
No news of plague or wreck or war or riot
Comes to disturb my day of dear delight.

The toilful days of fever all are ended,
And days more distant still of feverish toil;
And painless rest and moveless trust are blended
In a pure peace no trouble can assoil.

The deep, calm sky bends down with voiceless blessing,

The earth sleeps well beneath the winter snow,
And wandering winds, that meet with mute caressing,
Are shod with stillness as they come and go.

In heaven, 'tis said, was once a half-hour's silence;
But mine this respite for a whole day long,
Save, when, from voices on the far-off highlands
Steals to my ear a breath of holy song.

"Rest and be thankful!" with a heart o'erflowing,
I take the sweet refreshment Thou dost send.
And may this peace, to fuller measures growing,
With work and care henceforth divinely blend!

HYMN

For the Dedication of the Mark Hopkins Memorial Hall

O LOVE divine, all life is Thine,
  Thy changeless bounty crowns our years,
Thy fadeless splendors round us shine,
  Thy hand upholds the rolling spheres.

Thy gifts, O God, are large and free,
  Yet, best of all Thy love bestows,
The souls wherein Thy light we see,
  The lips whereon Thy message glows.

Apostles, prophets, teachers stand
  To show Thy way, to speak Thy thought;
Yea, Lord, the man of Thy right hand
  To us the word of life has brought.

For him this day Thy name we praise,
  All thoughts of him mount up to Thee;
And while in love these walls we raise,
  Each memory linked with prayer shall be.

Here may the truth he loved to teach
  With ever-living luster grow,
Here may the heights he strove to reach
  Still shine and beacon men below.

Here be the soul with ardor stirred,
  And life with love's immortal leaven,
Here let the reconciling word
  Link man to God, lift earth to heaven!

HYMN

For the Centennial of Williams College

HERE, neath the soft October sky,
A century gone, the scholars stood,
And praised the Power who dwells on high,
The Source of light, the Fount of good.

The flaming mountains heard their praise,
The winding river hushed its mirth,
And through the dreamy depths of haze
The heavens stooped down and touched the earth.

A hundred years their gifts have brought
To crown the work that day begun,
And flames from off this altar caught
Light every land beneath the sun.

O flaming mountains, guard us still!
O skies of autumn, softly bend

And whisper of the loving will
  Of God, our Father and our Friend!

O Lord of life and light and love,
  The years to come are safe with Thee;
Clothe us with wisdom from above,
  And make us brave and strong and free!

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE JOHN ROBINSON CHURCH, GAINSBOROUGH, ENGLAND, 1897

BEHOLD a Sower! from afar
He goeth forth with might;
The rolling years his furrows are,
His seed the growing light;
For all the just his word is sown,
It springeth up alway;
The tender blade is hope's young dawn,
The harvest, love's new day.

O Lord of life, to Thee we lift
Our hearts in praise for those,
Thy prophets, who have shown Thy gift
Of grace that ever grows;
Of truth that spreads from shore to shore,
Of wisdom's widening ray,
Of light that shineth, more and more,
Unto Thy perfect day.

Shine forth, O Light, that we may see
With hearts all unafraid,

The meaning and the mystery
  Of things that Thou hast made;
Shine forth, and let the darkling past
  Beneath Thy beam grow bright!
Shine forth, and touch the future vast
  With Thine unclouded light.

Light up Thy Word, the fettered page
  From killing bondage free;
Light up our way; lead forth this age
  In love's large liberty.
O Light of light, within us dwell,
  Through us Thy radiance pour,
That word and life Thy truth may tell
  And praise Thee evermore.

HYMN

For the Columbus School for Girls

Tune, *Pastor Bonus*

OUR morning song of praise
With thankful hearts we raise,
For life and youth, for love and truth,
For work that fills our days;
For grace and help we pray,
That all our tasks this day
In hope begun, in patience done,
May light us on our way.

The trees above us bend,
The skies their brightness lend,
All things that live their blessing give,
And with our labor blend;
So, with a loving will
Let each her part fulfil,
Her honor keep, her harvest reap
Of truth and strength and skill.

Through all the happy time
Of girlhood's golden prime,

To strength and good of womanhood
Our ready feet shall climb;
And still our song of praise,
With thankful hearts we raise
For life and youth, for love and truth,
For joy that crowns our days.

IMMANUEL

"Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given."

UNDER its burden of sin and pain
 The whole creation groans,
Lifting its hopeless prayers in vain
 To the altars and the thrones.
Long and weary has been the night
 Of sorrow and want and woe;
Long have the watchers strained their sight
 To catch the morning glow;
But the world rolls on in its darkling track
And the cry "How long!" comes echoing back
 To the suffering souls below.
Thus the creation waiteth long,
 In orphanage and in tears,
For the signs of his coming to whom belong
 The everlasting years.

"Where is thy God, O prophet; where
 Is the Lord of life and light?
We lift to his throne our words of prayer,

We wait for his arm of might;
Yet the earth is dark and life is lone,
And trouble and pain are here;
Will he never hearken upon his throne?
Will the Helper never appear?
What know we yet, O prophet, of him
Whose name we have heard thee speak?
There is nought for us but a vision dim
Of the God whose face we seek;
He dwells in the high and holy place;
He rides on the tempest's crest;
The worlds that roll through the depths of space
Obey his mighty behest;
The viewless winds are his ministers,
From his hand are the lightnings sped,
The shock that earth to its center stirs
Is only his footfall dread;
His power we see, his wrath we fear,
At his word our pulses start,
But who can read us his counsels clear,
And who can show us his heart?
All round the world the altars smoke,
And the costly victim bleeds,
And offerings rich his help invoke,
And prayer for his mercy pleads;
Does he heed our praise? does he hear our cry?

Does he wait his grace to show?
Does he bend to earth from his throne on high?
We trust, but we may not know;
For the earth is full of sorrow and sin,
Of weariness, want and pain;
There are fightings without and fears within,
There is shame where innocence once has been,
"And guilt with its crimson stain;
And greed and pride and tyranny rule,
And the cruel devour the kind,
While the meek is scorned for a witless fool,
And the blind is led by the blind.
Is God in heaven? Why tarrieth he?
Why cometh he not with power
To smite the scorner, the slave to free,
The friend of the friendless poor to be,
To give to the meek their dower?
Why cometh he not when orphans cry,
And widows make their moan?
Why cometh he not to souls that sigh
For sins they can never atone?
Why cometh he not with comfort sweet
To the mourner walking in tears,
To guide and steady the halting feet,
And strengthen the fainting heart to meet

The inevitable years?
Is God in heaven? On earth is Death;
Here reigns he monarch of all;
He smites the earth with his icy breath,
On the sky he hangeth his pall;
In his swaths the generations lie,
For none can parry his stroke;
Man that is born of woman must die,
Heavy this tyrant's yoke;
Here in our broken homes we mourn,
Empty our hearts and barms;
Babes from the mother's breast are torn,
Brides from the bridegroom's arms;
And the mourners go about the streets
And look, and listen, and wait
For sounds that the silence never repeats,
For faces the sunshine never greets,
Till, heavy and desolate,
They fall by the way and from sight are swept
By the pitiless power of Death,
And they who were weepers themselves are wept;
Thus runneth the rede; thus the tale is kept
For children of mortal breath.
And whither, oh whither? From out our sight

Our best beloved have gone;
Is the word 'forever'? To Death's dread night
Comes never the break of dawn?
Are the hands death parted never more
To be clasped in friendship sweet?
Is Death an ocean without a shore?
O prophet speak! We beseech, implore;
What tidings? Shall we meet
In lands more fair, when from Life's dull dream
We wake to eternal youth?
O prophet, we wait by the sliding stream
Of Time for the word of truth.
Thou answerest faintly; thou hast no word
Whereon our hearts may lean;
Thou speakest only what thou hast heard,
And not what thine eyes have seen;
It is not enough; our hearts will cry
For a more sure word than thine;
For a voice that sounds from the throne on high,
For a message all divine.
Is God in heaven? O that his heaven
Were not from earth so far!
O that some ray of his glory given
Might shine as a morning star

In the sky above us! Some tender gleam
  Of its holy light appear
To scatter our night with its healing beam,
  Our desolate souls to cheer."

Thus the world through the generations old,
  Groaneth and travaileth here,
Waiting the hour so long foretold
  When the Dayspring shall appear;
When the sons of men shall be manifest
As the sons of God, and the heart shall rest
  From trouble and doubt and fear.
Wearily waiteth, but not in vain;
  Lo, to anointed eyes
Breaketh the light over Bethlehem's plain,
  Far in the eastern skies!
Bendeth now in a sweet embrace
  Heaven to the fainting earth;
Dawneth the light in a mother's face,
The light that shines from the heavenly place,
When the Prince of Life and the Lord of
    grace,
  Immanuel, comes to birth.

Born from above, this child comes down
  To the lowliest human ways;
Bare is the brow that hath worn a crown;
  Emptied of power and praise,

He walks in the paths of toil and care,
  On pallets of straw he sleeps,
In the sorrows of earth he finds his share,
  He hungers and thirsts and weeps;
Never a pang our hearts have torn
  That doth not rend his heart;
Never a grief our souls have borne
  But he must feel its smart;
From his hand he putteth away the power,
  From his vision the heavenly ray,
He knoweth not the day nor the hour,
  He trusteth in God alway;
Meek and lowly of heart is he,
  Yet forth from his life there flow
Healing and cheer and comfort free
  For every child of woe;
His touch brings life, his presence peace;
  His word is a word of might
That gives to the fettered tongue release,
  To the darkened eye the light.
Down to our death he stoops and brings
  The life of the heaven above,
Lord of glory and king of kings
  And his royalty is love.

"Here, O prophet, is life and light!
  Here is the message sure!

Beams from this face the glory bright
Of the city where never cometh night,
  Of the kingdom of the pure.
Heaven no longer is strange and far,
  Heaven to the earth draws near;
Dawns on the world that morning star
  Our desolate hearts to cheer.
God is no longer a vision dim,
  For we have learned his name —
Our Father; and we draw nigh to Him
  From whom Immanuel came;
Nay, in Immanuel's smile we see
  The brightness of His face,
With sweet compassion and mercy free
  And gentleness and grace.
Trouble is here, and suffering still
  Its shadow over us throws;
Secure we rest in the blessed Will —
  Our heavenly Father knows.
Ancient Tyranny keeps his throne
  And the poor are still a prey;
But light for the righteous now is sown,
And the tares may wait till the wheat is
    grown,
  Till God's great judgment day.
And Death, O Death, old monarch of all,
  Who feareth thy fiercest frown?

Behold the writing upon the wall!
  Gone is thy scepter and crown;
For the Prince of Life hath snatched from
    thee
  Thy power, O vanquished king,
Crying, 'Where, O Death, is thy victory?
  O grave, where is thy sting?"

Thus to the world that travailed long
  Under its sorrow and pain,
There is spoken the word of promise strong,
There is chanted the happy Christmas song,
  Again and ever again;
To us, O mortals, a Child is born!
  To us a Son is given,
Light of light, and star of the morn,
  Heir of the highest heaven!
Swifter than morning ray e'er ran
  Let the new glad tidings run
That the Son of God is the Son of man,
  And heaven and earth are one.

MOMENTA MARTIS

NOVEMBER, 1860

STEADY there!
Strip the bending topmast bare!
Wear the ship! the breakers stare
Through the grinning jaws of foam.
Pipe them down — the crazy crew!
Give us sober men and true;
Let the ship be manned anew!
Quick! we felt the shock of doom!

Pipe them down!
Shall the ship of old renown
Sink because we fear their frown?
Shall her precious freight be lost?
They have turned her from her track,
They are sailing swiftly back
Through the dim and blinding wrack,
Toward the dangers we had crossed.

Now she rights!
Hoist the canvas! trim the lights!
She has lived through darker nights,

She was built in stormy seas;
None but shipmen brave could launch her,
But she rode the waves in grandeur
And the years have made her stauncher,
Ha! she laughs at gales like these!

Ready about!
Bring the broken compass out!
Find the chart, O pilot stout
That the Fathers made for thee;
There is Freedom's morning star
Beaconing through the clouds afar, —
That's the headland, — see, the scar!
There's the port of Liberty.

APRIL, 1861

MEN of the North, are you ready?
  The war cry is ringing!
Now with firm step and steady,
  Round the old banner clinging,
With the blessings of mothers
  On your hearts softly lying,
And the blood of your brothers,
  From the ground sternly crying,
With the stars shining o'er you
  To tell you God will guard you,
And the Ages before you
  Whose guerdon shall reward you, —
Go forth, where the flashing
  Of the war-cloud is keenest,
Where the leaden hail is dashing
  Down the noblest and the meanest, —
Strike home! now's the hour!
  Strike, landsmen and seamen!
Let the foe feel the power
  Of the stout arms of freemen!

Men of the North, are you ready?
  The traitors are mustering:
Now with firm step and steady
  Round the old banner clustering,
Let the braves that are bending
  From the blue heavens o'er us,
Hear your voices ascending
  In a solemn swelling chorus,
Pledging life, pledging all
  To the land in her trial,
Till the last drop shall fall
  From Rebellion's last vial.
Leave the shop! leave the field!
  Leave the nuptial torches burning!
Leave the client's suit appealed!
  Leave the ancient halls of learning!
Come away! come away!
  Every man shall call his brother;
Let the dead croakers stay!
  They can bury one another.

Rally! Honor is calling;
  Rally! Truth is interceding;
Rally! Freedom is falling;
  Rally! Fatherland is bleeding;
Bloom with flags, ye roofs and towers!
  Blaze ye hills, with signal fires!

Bells, that strike the lonely hours,
  Clang alarums from your spires!
Let the bugle's fierce cry
  Start the eagle from his aerie;
Bid the lightnings as they fly
  Flash the news o'er peak and prairie;
Call the troops from the plains!
  Mount the cannon dumb and dusty!
Loose the fleets from their chains!
  Rouse the tars, true and trusty!
Down from every mountain crest,
  Up from every smiling valley
For the land you love the best
  Freemen, rally! rally! rally!

MAY, 1863

MEN, for today's stern toil and battle!
Knights were well in the feudal days;
Kings, when the people were dumb, like cattle;
Priests, when a lie was a means of grace;
Dancing masters, when morals were manners;
Schemers in ink when the sword was a pen;
But now, when God lifts up his banners
And war clangs fierce, send us men! send us men!

O contemptible tailor's dummy,
Dupe and noodle and snob and quack,
Stale old fossil and breathing mummy,
Politician and party-hack,
Fool of fashion and tool of barter
Living to cheat and be cheated again,
Drawler of cant and counterfeit martyr, —
Out and begone with you! send us some men!

Send us men for the public stations,
Leal and honest and brave and wise,
Thoughtful beyond their pay and their rations,

Parleying never with traitors and spies;
Men whose works and promises tally,
Men who build upon principles grand,
Learning of Christ, not of Machiavelli,
What to enact, and how to command.

Send us men for the desk and the altar,
Fearless of councils and bishops and bans,
Never with righteousness daring to palter,
Orthodox rather in God's sight than man's;
Men who refuse all clerical mastership,
Being man's servants, and God's honest freemen,
Knowing that lordship agrees not with pastorship,
Men whose first study is always to *be* men.

Send us men for the private places,
Tradesmen and craftsmen and tillers of sod,
Men with sympathies large as the race is,
Loyal to Fatherland, Freedom, and God;
Loyal in spite of high taxes and prices;
Lavishing life, kindred, fortune, all these,
Rather than sell, in humanity's crisis,
Liberty's birthright for pottage of peace.

APRIL THE NINTH, 1865

BELLS, bells, peal from your towers
  Maddest and merriest noises!
Organ and trumpet, burden the hours
  With your victorious voices!
Break, O Land, into blossoms and songs!
Gather, ye people, in jubilant throngs,
Praising His name to whom glory belongs;
  Liberty lives and rejoices!

Glory to God! glory to God!
  He hath with victory crowned us;
Sore was his chastening, yet hath his rod
  Broken the shackles that bound us;
Lift up thy head, O land of the free!
Humbled and smitten, no more shalt thou be;
Nations shall join in the glad jubilee
  Ringing in melody round us.

Spirit of Earth, now hovering near,
  Stoop thy bright wings as thou fliest,
Then to the peoples in bondage and fear

Speed thee, nor rest while thou criest:
"Tidings! ye millions in manacles led;
Liberty cometh with jubilant tread!
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny's dead!
Glory to God in the highest!"

APRIL THE FOURTEENTH, 1865

TOLL!
Slowly toll, funeral bell!
Let your solemn pulses tell
That the white robes of the angel
  Chanting peace are soiled with blood;
That Humanity's evangel
  Was a curse misunderstood;
Toll! the staff of strength is broken
  That the people leaned upon;
Toll! the grief that hath no token,
  For our kingliest man is gone.
Toll! toll!

Weep!
Let the heavens drop tears of woe!
Darkness shroud the land below!
Weep! ye millions he hath guided;
  Weep! all ye who scorned him here;
Let the land so long divided
  Meet in sorrow round his bier!
Weep! ye hosts whose chains are falling;

Palsied lies the arm that broke them;
Words of life ye heard him calling,
Silent are the lips that spoke them!
Weep! weep!

Rest!
He is resting in his grave
Where the prairie grasses wave;
Rest! our fathers' God ordaineth
That this martyr's blood shall be,
Evermore while earth remaineth
Precious seed of Liberty!
Rest! our God will watch the sowing;
Wait! the harvest ripens fast;
All the golden fruitage growing
Will be gathered in at last,
And the reapers soon be going
To their rest.

A MOTHER'S STORY

Decoration Day

HERE at the gate, let us stand and wait
  Till the grand procession pass;
The marshal first, in marvelous state,
  With the drums and the sounding brass;
Then the veterans brave in blue draw near
  With a sober, soldierly air,
And the halt and the maimed are riding here,
  And the priest and the poet there.

And now the troop of the children comes
  In wavy, hesitant files,
All bright with the blush of the early blooms,
  All wreathed in roses and smiles.
They are halting now at the graves of the
    boys,
  And a dirge will be softly sung,
And the parson will give to faith a voice
  And the poet to love a tongue.

But you and I, my Harry and Bess,
  Will turn from these well-meant words

Apart, through the woodland silences,
Alone with the breezes and birds.
Here at this grave, where the pine boughs grieve,
When the solemn south winds roam,
Our rosemary and our rue we'll leave
And carry our heart's-ease home.

Did I promise? Well, there is nothing new,
But the joy and the pain are one.
Sit down on the bank here, Bessy, and you
Lie there on the grass, my son.
Fourteen next month! You were only four
When your father went away.
And you, little queen, were scarcely more
Than a babe that desolate day.

A sudden and terrible call had come
For an army of volunteers,
And the tidings brought to our happy home
Hard struggles and boding fears.
That night he sat in a silent mood
And held you both to his breast;
I saw on his brow the shadows brood
And darken — I knew the rest.

He carried you up to your crib that night
And watched with you till you slept.

Then praying that God would guide him
aright,
The strong man wrestled and wept.
I found him praying and left him there,
Alone with his Father and you,
Till the Helper lifted his load of care
And lightened his spirit, too.

And then he came forth and told me all;
I could neither strive nor cry.
He would follow his suffering country's call;
Who should dare to forbid? Not I.
You know the story — the parting word —
The year that drearily passed,
The droning pain of a hope deferred,
The blinding blow at the last.

But here is a picture you never saw;
On this side Mother and Bess,
Hal on the other — the little flaw
Is the dint of a ball, I guess.
He carried it always here, by his heart,
And when they led him away,
Faint, from the field where he bore his part
So gallantly on that day —

When they laid him down in a sheltered nook
(The Chaplain told me this)

He drew it forth, and with many a look
  And many a passionate kiss,
He gazed till he heard the order "Rest!"
  And then, when his spirit passed,
It dropped from his hands upon his breast
  And they found it there, at the last.

That is all, my darlings, I have to tell;
  Like another diviner Friend,
Having loved his own in the world so well
  He loved them unto the end.
The love that he left to you and me,
  Is our fortune and our pride;
The truest, manliest man was he,
  And he loved us all till he died.

Come hither, Harry, I'll lean on you;
  His brow and his mouth are there!
And yours, little Bess, are his eyes of blue
  And his wealth of golden hair.
So here at his grave, where the pine boughs
    grieve,
  When the solemn south winds roam,
Our rosemary and our rue we'll leave,
  And carry our heart's-ease home.

COLLEGE DAYS

THE MOUNTAINS

Williams College Song

O PROUDLY rise the monarchs of our mountain land,
With their kingly forest robes, to the sky,
Where Alma Mater dwelleth with her chosen band,
Where the peaceful river floweth gently by.

Chorus. The mountains! the mountains! we greet them with a song,
Whose echoes, rebounding, the woodland heights along,
Shall mingle with anthems that winds and fountains sing,
Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

The snows of winter crown them with a crystal crown,
And the silver clouds of summer round them cling,

The autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down,
And they revel in the garniture of spring.

O mightily they battle with the storm king's power,
And conquerors shall triumph here for aye;
But quietly their shadows fall at evening hour,
While the gentle breezes round them softly play.

Beneath their peaceful shadows may Old Williams stand,
Till suns and mountains nevermore shall be,
The glory and the honor of our mountain land,
And the dwelling of the gallant and the free.

MORNING

"The watchman saith, 'The morning cometh.'"
—ISAIAH, xxi: 12

O, THE dreary, dreary darkness; how it
 girds the stifled land!
 How it falls in viewless torrents from the
 frowning midnight skies!
When shall Lucifer, resplendent, on the
 eastern mountains stand?
 Will the morning never rise?

Tell me, O ye bards prophetic, where in olden
 time ye stood,
 When ye saw the flying shadows and the
 swift-approaching day,
Hailed its bannered army marching like a
 silver-rolling flood
 Through the lands where darkness lay.

I have climbed these earthly Babels, many
 and many a time, to look
 For the dawning of the morning in the
 eastern sky afar;

But I saw at brightest, only in some dim,
cloud-circled nook,
One lone, faintly burning star.

Upward! upward! through the darkness,
mount on Faith's undrooping wing,
Till the dim horizon merges in Eternity's
broad sea!
Till the eye shall catch the glory which the
latter day shall bring
To the millions yet to be.

See the heavy, blinding shadows, lying sadly,
like a pall,
On the nations that have never felt the
gladness of the light.
And they love their weary groping; Father
hear us when we call,
Let the blind receive their sight!

O, let morning, radiant morning come with
healing in its breath,
Filling vale and crowning mountain with
the splendor of its beams;
Let the slumbering millions waken, ere they
sleep the sleep of death,
From the madness of their dreams!

Yonder! see the cloudy curtains of the East are rising now,
And the morning twilight glimmers, and the daylight follows fast,
Floods of radiance are streaming o'er the mountain's kindling brow,
Life and day have come at last!

See the startled nations waking! giants bursting from their chains;
Heroes, girding on their panoply and hasting to the field;
Hear a million voices singing on a thousand smiling plains
Of the glory just revealed.

Walls of bigotry are crumbling, castled ignorance falls down,
Hirelings of the old oppressor slink away in pale affright,
Despots loose the iron scepter, and clutch trembling at the crown,
Lest it fall before the light.

See the toils of superstition swept like gossamer away;
See the mists of error vanishing before the morning blasts;

Troops of freeman, bands of seekers, hosts
of workers in array,
Nations of iconoclasts!

Ah, how many hearts have waited for the
glory of this time!
Beat their faintest, last pulsations with a
yearning for the dawn;
Ah, how many ears have harkened for this
triumph note sublime,
Till both faith and sense were gone.

Sorrowing, yet rejoicing ever, hoping for the
promised gain,
Struggling toward the great Hereafter
with the earnestness of love,
Passed they through this world triumphant
in a faith that reck'd not pain.
To a grander sight above.

Now, from minaret and pagoda breaks the
song of jubilee,
And they hear it there in heaven with a
rapture none can tell,
And the chorus, ringing, ringing, over land
and over sea,
Chimes with songs the angels swell.

In that city, built of sapphire, walled with
jasper, paved with gold,
Where the Tree of Life is growing crowned
with heavenly fruitage fair,
Kingdoms, tribes and tongues and peoples
shall be gathered and enrolled,
"And there shall be no night there."

BATTLE-SONG

IN the rush of the mountain stream
  Is a flood of joy for me;
And the clattering hoof, and the saber's gleam
  Make my heart beat martially.
There is no joy in calm,
  No dreaming time for the soul,
The music I love is the battle-psalm,
  And I rest at the victor's goal.

I laid me idly down
  In the lap of a drowsy ease,
And dreamed that the bane of life had flown
  Beyond the boundless seas;
But I woke with a fevered brain
  And a tempest of hot desire,
And grasped the sword of the real again,
  And pointed it with fire.

There's a rush of rhythmic feet,
  And a glimmer of spears afar,

And an army marches, strong and fleet,
  To the glory of holy war;
There is victory for the right,
  And a crown for the conquering brave,
I will fall in the van of the glorious fight,
  And sleep in a soldier's grave.

CLAIRVOYANCE

THERE'S a vision of a hammock swinging
in a shady nook,
And couched upon its cushions there's a
maiden with a book;
But it lies beside her open, and the far look
in her eyes
Tells of thoughts that travel other lands,
and rest on other skies.
O wistful, wondering dreamer, all my life
makes answer clear
To your question, for I read it. Are you
listening? do you hear?
I have just three things to tell you, ever
new and ever true, —
That I love you, and I love you, and I love
no one but you.

THE CLOUDLET

DRAWN by a hungering heart, my eye
Turned to the western evening sky,
And there, upon a sapphire sea,
One small pink cloud sailed peacefully;
Some radiant orb beyond my sight
Filled all her life with glorious light;
Some fire my vision could not claim,
Glowed in her heart, a living flame.
Ah happy cloudlet, you can see
What that dull hill-top hides from me;
Yet know I, by your vision fair,
My light of life is shining there.

A SONG OF SUMMER

WITH the breath of flowers panting,
  Comes the breeze,
And the birds their loves are chanting
  In the trees;
So I know that Summer reigneth,
And that while her throne remaineth,
Every heart is full that draineth
  Joys like these.

I can listen to the thrushes,
  As they sing,
I can quaff the life that gushes
  From the spring;
But I cannot tell the measure
Of my heart's supremest pleasure,
As it grasps the lavish treasure
  Which they bring.

Gentle Spirit of the Summer,
  Stay, oh stay!
Thou wilt find no kindlier welcome

Hence away.
Nowhere will the fields be greener,
Or the summer skies serener,
Gladness purer, pleasures keener,
Hearts more gay.

VEILED

THE soft light lies on the mountain,
The south wind stirs the grass,
Below, on the dreaming meadow,
The fleet cloud-shadows pass;
The pomp of a perfect summer
In splendor marches by,
Yet the pageant wins no rapture,
And flings me back a sigh.

O brave and radiant summer,
You are hiding your best from me;
There's a veil upon your beauty;
It is only in part I see;
Not to the lonely vision
Is the crowning glory sent;
Were another here beside me,
The veil were quickly rent.

THE ZEPHYR AND I

THE Zephyr and I have been roaming free
Up the glen, whence the orchids come,
And through the wood, where the solemn grouse
Was beating his muffled drum.
We saw where the crows were building a nest
On the top of a mountain pine,
And watched the bright buds peeping forth
From a latticed forest vine.

The Zephyr and I are welcome guests,
For a merry fellow is he,
And though he sports in a quiet way,
He is full of jollity.
The robin greeted his glad return
With a hearty, eloquent song,
And the amorous pine-bough softly sighed,
"O, where have you been so long?"

But the Zephyr capered away with an air
  That plainly whispered to me:
"She deems that she alone is fair;
  O, ho! what a witling is she!"
I knew he had been to the southern land,
  And had romped with the tulip-flowers,
And courted the rich magnolia, too,
  And flirted in orange bowers.

So we wandered on, the Zephyr and I,
  He frolicking wildly along,
Now gliding by with a wanton sigh,
  Now returning again with a song.
A weary old man by the wayside sat,
  And the Zephyr brightened his face;
An urchin merrily chased his hat,
  And laughed as he won the race.

He kissed the fields, and bade them hope
  For flowers and a summer sun;
He kissed the woods, and swelled the veins
  Of a life already begun;
The rivulets danced right cheerily,
  By his melody beguiled,
And the dreary earth, for the love of him,
  Looked up to God and smiled.

We wandered along, the Zephyr and I,
  But just as the day was dying,
He vanished over the eastern hill,
  With a faintly audible sighing.
He has gone with his mockery now, to play
  With the curls on the sunniest brow!
Perhaps he will whisper a word of me;
  Ah! that I were that Zephyr now!

BEYOND

"O Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet!"
— Mrs. Browning

HIGH up in a dusky mountain glen,
Away from the homes of turbulent men,
Where the rays of the sun had never been
And only the northern stars peeped in,
Where pale and slender the grasses grew,
And the flowers bloomed with a faded hue,
From beneath a rock a rivulet sprang,
And danced to the song the wood-thrush
sang,
As it hurried away down the deep ravine,
With a tremulous sparkle of silver sheen,
Away from its store of pearls and shells
Through flowery dingles and grassy dells,
Gathering strength as it leaped along,
Waking the woodlands to life and song,
Murmuring ever a cadence fond
Of the blissful shores that lay Beyond.

The linnets sang in the tangled copse,
The mocking-bird whistled in Kalmia tops,
The lilies lovingly thronged its way,
And anemones kissed it and bade it stay;
But lingering never it sparkled by
Unheeding the sedge's amorous sigh,
Trilling a melody silver clear
Which a poet had stood entranced to hear.

Then rocks were tumbled athwart its path,
Till it grew a torrent and foamed in wrath,
Through clefts and gorges, and frightful
chasms,
Where the earth had been rent with thunder
spasms,
Through cavernous passages underground
With a roar, and a stifled murmurous sound,
Wildly and swiftly it thundered along,
And the woodlands rang with its triumph
song.

Then a beetling cliff its head upreared,
And below a yawning gulf appeared;
The fir trees grappled the rocks and clung,
And over the precipice dizzily swung;
The kingfisher screamed from a naked
bough,
And the torrent halted a moment now, —

A moment it quivered upon the crag,
Then flung to the breeze its misty flag,
And wreathing its brow with a rainbow
crown,
It dashed in terrible madness down,
With a shock that shook the hills afar,
And a roar like the coming of distant war.

Gathering now its jewels of spray,
It glanced and rippled along its way,
Through ranks of towering palisades,
Through sycamore arches and beechen
shades,
Away from the forest in glee it dashed,
And out on the meadows in splendor flashed,
Where willowy thickets lined the shores,
And the water-nymph plied her slender oars;
Where feathery elms in grandeur swayed,
And flecked the stream with a tremulous
shade;
But tarrying never, it murmured past,
Through meadow and moorland speeding
fast,
A restless, wandering vagabond,
Forever singing, "Beyond! Beyond!"

Anon the current grew deep and strong,
And a widening river rolled along,

With placid bosom and steady flow,
Its babble hushed to a murmur low,
It swept through fields of ripening grain,
It cleft the hostile nations amain,
And calm in its own resistless might,
It laved the valley and glassed the height,
Still flowing in lordly majesty down,
By stately city and busy town,
Still eddying, swelling, gliding away,
Till the dark blue ocean before it lay.

O the mighty sea is a fearful thing,
With its dread, monotonous murmuring,
With its roar of tempest and dash of surge,
Forever chiming the awful dirge
Of the dead, the dead, the million dead
That slumber below in its rocky bed;
Forever smiling upon the skies
And plundering navies and argosies;
Retreating and greeting the land again,
And drinking rivers and strangling men.

And the river paused as the ocean's boom
Came rolling from far like the bolt of doom,
And its waters stayed — then gathered again,
And swept in strength to the raging main;
Not there in fathomless depths to sink

With never a bubble upon the brink,
Not there to pave with turbulent wrath
The mighty storm king's triumph path,
But thence in vapory wreaths to rise,
On wings of light to the sapphire skies;
And there to build with crystal bars,
Their rainbow palaces 'neath the stars;
And there to float, with sunbeams drest,
In a heaven of purity and rest.

There is a river whose waters roll
Through the channels of every human soul;
A river whose crystal fountains rise
On the border of two eternities,
Whose beautiful current flows pure and free
Through the unnamed regions of infancy,
Where the shores are vocal with loving words,
And the songs of angels and singing birds;
Whose rippling waters in gladness sing
Through the bud and blossom of childhood's
spring,
And pour in many a tortuous route
Over rifts of passion and rocks of doubt,
While the blood is hot and the pulses thrill
With longing and hope and impulsive will,
While youth is planting the seeds of care
And nursing the phantoms that breed despair;

Then flow with a current strong but calm,
Through fields of labor and groves of palm,
Through the harvests of blessing and wealth
and boon,
That ripen in manhood's summer noon;
Still rolling their silver heritage
Through the tottering arches of honored
age,
Still sweeping, with steady, remorseless flow,
Through summer's blossoms and winter's
snow,
Through golden autumn and emerald spring,
But never a moment tarrying,
Till they sink in the silent, shoreless sea,
That flows between Time and Eternity.

And this, O spirit, is this the end?
When the waters of Life with the ocean
blend,
And we hear the sullen, pulseless roar
Of the breakers that dash on the hither
shore,
Must we feel, as we hearken in dread to this,
That it tells of a boundless nothingness?
That for all who sorrow beneath the sun
There remaineth but drear oblivion?
That Death is God, and the world his throne,

And the nations shall bow to him alone?
That all thy hopings and yearnings fond
For something better that lay Beyond
Were only phantoms that beckoned thee
To thy home in waste nonentity?
Is thy very being a specious lie,
And its end but to suffer and grope and die?

If this be all, this universe
Is a painted shadow, a gilded curse!
And this world, with its heaven-pointing spires,
Its groves, and temples, and altar-fires,
Its incense of worship and solemn prayer
That burden forever the reverent air,
Were better hurled from its track of light,
To the depths of chaos and endless night.

It is not thus; it shall not be!
But upward, for aye, from that unknown sea,
A shadowy throng of spirits rise
To their God and Father beyond the skies,
To the golden streets, and the shining sea,
And glory and immortality.

PARTING SONG

FOR THE CLASS OF 1859, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

THROUGH the merry months of spring
and the smiling Summer time,
Through the snows of dreary winter and the
autumn's golden prime,
Through the happiest days of life here together we have passed,
And we've seen the sunset glories gild the
saddest and the last;
And, Brothers, here tonight, beneath this
quiet summer sky,
We have gathered for our parting, and we
say our last good-bye.

While the vintage of the past sparkling wine
of pleasure pours,
And memory gathers home all her richest
harvest stores,
While the songs we here have sung float
with cadence soft and low

Through the starry vaulted heavens of the
storied long ago,
Let us spread the festive board, and the
foaming beaker drain,
To the golden-fruited seasons that may never
come again.

Now the truce to toil is past, and the hour
of battle comes,
And we hear the clash of sabers and the roll
of signal drums,
Where the flags of Truth and Right o'er the
hosts of labor wave,
And the veteran columns open to the will-
ing and the brave;
So we grasp the flashing sword as we loose
the parting hand,
And the smoke of battle settles o'er our sep-
arated band.

And, Brothers, as the years roll their joys
and sorrows past,
And the smoke of battle clears away at vic-
tory's bugle blast,
Through our triumph and our toil we will
guard the sacred bond

That has joined us here on earth; and in
better lands beyond,
When the silver cords are loosed and the
final partings come,
May we find it joined forever in an ever-
lasting home!